OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 19. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, April 10, 1913. Numb e 2.

THE BRAVE FISHER-GIRL.

On the coast of Normandy, near Grandville, the rise and fall of the tide are very great, being about forty-four feet at spring tides. It comes in very rapidly, and in particular places may be seen making up in a great wave. In a book on Normandy, the following adventure is narrated of two English gentlemen:

They had been out on the sands watching the manner in which sand-eels were caught, and examing the structure of the rocks, which were like sponges, when of a sudden one of them, whose name was Cross, shouted:

"I forget the tide, and here it comes!"

His companion, whose name was Hope, turned toward the sea, and saw a stream of water running at a rapid rate, and replied quickly:

"I suppose we had better be off"

"If we can," replied Cross. "By crossing the rocks we may yet be in time,"

They began to scramble up the rocks and walked as fast as they could toward the nearest shore; but it was some time before they reached the highest point. On gaining it, they looked around, and saw that the sand was not yet covered, though lines of blue water. here and there, showed how fast it was rising. They hastened on, but had not gone far when they found that the sand was in narrow strips, with sheets of water between, but seeing a girl before them who was familiar with the beach, they cried:

"We shall do it yet," and ran forward.

The girl however, instead of going toward the shore, was running to meet them, and almost out of breath, cried:

"The wave! the wave! it is coming! Turn, turn—run, or we are lost!"

They did turn, and saw out at sea a large wave rolling toward the shore. Out of breath as they were, they yet increased their speed as they retraced their steps towards the rocks they had just left, The little girl had passed them and led the way. The two friends strained every nerve to keep pace with her, for as they neared the rock the wave still rolled towards them, the sand becoming gradually covered, Their last steps were knee-deep in water.

"Quick! quick!" said the girl; "there is the passage to cross, and if the second wave comes we shall be too late!"

She ran on for a hundred yards till she came to a crack in the rock six or seven feet wide, along which the water was rushing like a mill sluice.

"We are lost!" said the girl; "I cannot cross, there is a passage to cross: it will carry me away."

"Is it deep?"

"Not very," she said; "but it is too strong."

Cross lifted the girl in his arms, plunged into the stream, and, though the water was up to his waist, he was soon across. His companion followed, and all three stood on the rock.

"Come on, come on!" cried the girl; "we are nearly lost!" and she led the way to the highest point of the rocks, and on reaching it, cried, "We are safe now!"

All were thoughtful for a moment, as they saw the danger which God had delivered them from; looking around, the sand was one sheet of water.

"We are quite safe here," said the girl; "but we shall have to stay three or four hours before we can go to the shore."

"What made you forget the tide?" said Cross; "you must know the coast well."

"I did not forget it," she replied, "but I feared as you were strangers you would be drowned, and I ran back to tell you what to do."

"And did you risk your life to save ours?" said Hope, the tears starting to his eyes.

"I thought at any rate I should get here," she replied; "but I was very nearly too late."

Hope took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and said, "We owe you our lives, you brave little maid."

Meanwhile the water was raising rapidly, till it almost touched their feet.

"There is no fear," said the girl; "the points of the rocks are always dry."

"Cold, comfort." said Hope, looking at them; "but what shall we do for our young friend?" he said to Mr. Cross.

"If we put all the money in our pockets into a handerchief and tie it around her neck, it will warm her, I warrant, for she looks cold enough." One of them had twenty and the other seventeen francs, and binding these in a knot, Mr. Hope passed it round her neck. On receiving it she blushed with delight, kissed both of their hands, and cried:

"How happy mother will be!"

Just then a wave rolled past, and the water began to run along the little platform they were sitting upon; they rose and mounted on the rocky points, and had scarcely reached them when the water was a foot deep where they had just been seated. Another wave came—the water was within six inches of their feet.

"It is a terrible high tide," said the girl; but if we hold together we shall not be washed away."

On looking to the shore, they saw a great many people clustering together on the nearest point; a faint sound of cheers was heard, and they could see hats and handerchiefs waved to them.

"The tide has turned," said the girl, "and they are shouting to cheer us."

She was right; in five minutes the place was dry.

They had some hours to wait before they could venture on the sand, and it was quite dark before they reached the beach: but at length, guided by the lights on shore, they gained their own home in safety, not unmindful of Him who says to the proud sea, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The friends hardsomely rewarded the little fishergirl, whose name was Matilda, for bravery. —Our Messenger.

Time to swat flies

ANIMALS THEIR OWN DOCTORS.

Nature provides ample remedies for the ailments with which animals are at times afflicted, and with unerring instinct they prescribe for themselves and search out that herb or plant or kind of soil which will quickly make them well.

We have been told how the mongoose cures himself when bitten by a cobra, by eating a certain plant, and many of us have seen a sick dog bury himself in the dirt, thereby to overcome some affection. Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness, and airy places, drink water, and sometimes even plunge into it. When a dog has lost his appetite he eats that species of grass known as doggrass Cats also eat grass, catnip, etc., when they feel the need of a tonic. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as much as possible in the sun. If a chimpanzee be wounded, it stops the breeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth.

It is known that a large number of animals regularly bathe themselves, as elephants, stags, birds, and ants. In fact, man may take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals who instinctively administer the proper remedies to themselves when neccessary.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

WROUGHT IN A COUNTRY MEETING HOUSE.

By Wm. Laurie Hill

PART FIVE

It was a warm morning, and Joshua soon found that the carryall was just the vehicle he should have brought. He arranged the curtains to admit a currant of air, and insisted that Caleb, should lie at full length on the mattrass with his bandaged head resting on a pillow, and by driveig carefully they would have a comfortable ride over the Hyco hills, and get to Swallow Barn before the sun should reach meridiam.

As they were jogging along, Caleb opened his heart to Joshua, revealing the fact, that Saturdays drunken orgie, and rough experience, had brought the young man, to a sudden halt in his wild career.

"Do you know Josh, I am ashamed to look into the faces of your good mother and Agnes. It is so kind of them to take a poor sinful creature like me into their sweet pure home, when they know how disgracefully I have behaved. I tell you now Josh! with God's help, "I am done with whisky, cards, and every other form of vice, and if there is any salvation for such a creature as I am, I want it."

"And you, can get it for the asking Caleb: I am so glad! you are going to be with us especially while Rev. Obediah Powell is holding this protracted meeting at "the mill. He is staying with us, and his very presence in the house is a benediction. He will make "the way of life" so plain, you cannot fail to secure just what you feel you sorely need. You had better not try to go to the meeting until to-morrow, and not then, unless you are much stronger than you are today. I am taking it very slowly home, for you know Dr. Boswell said you must not be excited or jolted." "I wish I were as sound in soul as I am in body Josh, I shall be all right when I get under the shingles of Swallow Barn."

"We will find mother and Agnes gone to meeting I am sure, but aunt Phoebe will make you very comfortable, Caleb, and I shall stay with you, and not go to afternoon service."

"Don't stay on my account Josh, I shall be poor company this afternoon for I am very tired, "and must have a long nap I wish to be fresh so as to take your good mothers deserved censure with the best grace I can."

"Nonsense Caleb! you will never know from mother, that she is aware of what a reprobate you have been, unless you mention it to her, so quiet your nerves and rest on that."

"Well, you are all mighty good, and the man that would not try to be somebody with such friends behind him, deserves to be a reprobate indeed. Where are we now, Josh? it seems to me we ought to have passed old Drury Long's place by this time." "So we have, we will soon cross Hyco, and shall be at Swallow Barn in a "double quick. I am disposed to hurry Blue Dick a little, for you are getting weary."

It was only the quick climb of a hill, a brisk trot along a smooth lane, and Blue Dick paused as Billy threw wide open the big gate of "Swallow Barn" A hundred yards of shady avenue were passed, and the carryall was halted near the quaint little Piazza that Caleb knew so well.

"Let me help you out Caleb."

"Oh Josh! I'm not a baby, I feel stronger already and will just slip out behind, before you could get around here," and suiting his action to his words Caleb made a long stride and landed safely on the soft green turf.

"Oh! what a beautiful turf this is, I smell the clover in it, and would like to lie down upon it, and take sweet rest for a while," and Caleb dropped down upon the grass like a tired child.

As they approached the piazza there was the flutter of a blue lawn dress in the doorway, and the lovely face of Agnes Perkins was seen, lighted with a bright smile of welcome, as she awited the coming of Caleb Chandler.

"Hello sis! "exclaimed Joshua," So you didn'nt go to meeting."

"No brother, I thought it best for one of us to remain at home, and extend a welcome to Caleb; are you sorry I didn't go sir?" turning toward Caleb with a rare smile.

Caleb had taken both of her hands between his strong ones, and was holding them as he said. "Oh! Agnes! this is a welcome I do not deserve: how can I ever repay all this goodness? I feel a lot worse than the prodical son for he at last had a show of a claim on his old home, while I am just a wanderer, without any claim on this wonderful kindness: I do thank you for being so gracious to a poor stray."

"Well you must show your gratitude by coming in out of this not glare, going to your room and refreshing yourself by a bath, and resting until you hear the dinner bell,"

"I see who is still Boss here Josh, I reckon I had better go. I hope you will not give me anything harder to do than this, while I am at "Swallow Barn," Agnes, although I promise in advance, I will try hard to obey."

"That is a good boy, take him to his room brother." The hot ride and Caleb's physical condition, made him an easy prey to slumber, and he was soon far away in the land of dreams. The green blinds were closed, the curtains half drawn and the gentle breeze that found its way through the slats was like a perfumed breath exhaled from flowers. Physically he was asleep but Caleb was aware that mind and memory were awake, and visions came to him of many ill-spent hours, when regardless of the few friends he had, he sought to find in a round of dissipation a pleasure that never came.

In a dream he saw an old man bent with years of sorrow and of sin, his face still attractive, although bearing the marks of a mispent life, and his voice was strangely familar. Caleb mingled in a crowd of strange people, and still the old man was ever by his side, a mute attendant upon his every movement. Leaving a crowded city, Caleb sought to leave behind him the mute old man, but like his shadow, he was ever present.

At last turning upon him with an impatient, threatening gesture, he questioned:

"Why are you following me? leave me and go your way."

The old man spoke in a strangely familar voice, and with a sad smile said, "I cannot leave thee, for I am thy future self." As I am, so wilt thou be unless thou become a new man I have lived for all this world could give; thou art doing the same."

It was the tinkle of a far off bell that seemed to bring Caleb back to consciousness, and springing up he looked about him, for the old man of his dream, and there crept into his heart a warm thrill of gladness, that after all, this old man was only a dream, and he hastened to meet Agnes and Joshua, in the dining room.

"Oh! I am so glad, that little bell aroused me, for I was going through a strange experience, in a queer dream, said Caleb."

Dreams are wonderful visitors and sometimes, I think they have a strange significance said Agnes." "Indeed they have, and I shall never forget this one it came to me like a revelation. "Do tell us about it Caleb? said Agnes. "I was very weary and thought I should sleep too soundly for dreams, but no sooner had I closed my eyes, than queer thoughts came into my brain and memory made faithful report of all my mispent days. Then in my vision I saw an old man,

Continued on fourth page.

SHALL THE UNITED STATES BUILD HIGHWAYS?

It is a question which is slowly but surely forcing itself upon the National Legislature. Many Senators and Representatives now believe that the building of a system of National Highways is of more economic importance than any other public work—more vital than the question of a large navy, more useful than any river and harbor improvement, more necessary than the Panama Canal. For Highways are built and owned by the people and are free to all the people. A few years ago road bill's had short shift in Congress—at present there are nearly a hundred bills before Congress dealing with road building in one form or another.

Although the "good roads" idea has been gathering force and headway for many years, its advocates are still pulling in many directions. Some road associations want State Highways with National Aid. Others want State Highways without National Aid. Still others want good roads paid for by the counties through which they pass, without any aid. One, at least, believes firmly that the question is not only one for States, Counties, Cities and Towns, but for the Nation.

The NATIONAL HIGHWAYS Association believes that the beginning of a comprehensive good road system for the Nation must be made by the Federal Government.

Such a system—as outlined on the map published here—consists of fifty thousand miles of National Highways. It is not intended that this map should represent the entire good road system needed by the United States. It is merely a tentative suggestion of the National System of National Highways, from which good roads built by States, by Counties, and by Cities, and Towns, would grow and multiply.

HELPING TO PUT FATHER IN A CONCILIATORY MOOD

It was one of those dreary, dark days when everything went wrong. Tommy had not meant to knock over the best flower vase; he had not meant to upset his tea, or to sit down upon the kitten. But, as the fates were frowning, he had happened to do all these things, and had been severely reprimanded in consequence.

He bore his trials bravely, says Answers. But When curiosity led him into his mother's boudoir and—by the merest misfortune—his elbow knocked over an inkpot and sent a blueblack stream over a new spring gown. he looked grave, and his heart sank within him.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty boy!" his mother cried, after the inevitable discovery. "I shall tell your father when he returns!"

"Really mother?" whispered Tommy, in an awestruck voice.

She nodded firmly.

"Before or after dinner?"

"After," answered his mother. "I don't want to spoil his meal"

There was a pause. Visions of the parental birch loomed ominously. Then the youthful defaulter sidled up to his mother and asked:

"Mother, will you give him rhubarb tart and cream for his pudding—will you do that much for me?"

Stung

"Pretty nice land around here," said the stranger, as his dusty rig stopped in front of the gate.

"Certainly is," replied the eager farmer, "Finest in the State."

"I reckon it is too high-priced for a poor man," sighed the stranger.

"Well," replied the farmer, "it is worth every cent of $200 an acre. That's the way I value it. Were you thinking of buying?"

"No," replied the stranger, as he jotted something into a book. "I'm the new County Assessor."—Herald and Presbyter.

JUST A MOTHER.

Mrs. Matilda Pierce had never been prominent in the little community where she dwelt. During her last years she lived in complete seclusion, owing to her age and feebleness. The few neighbors who attended her funeral remarked that "all the Pierce boys came out," and these four sons, prosperous men, already past middle life, bore their aged mother to her last resting-place on the sunny hill slope above the town.

"She was a good mother," the youngest son said that evening, as they talked together in the old sitting-room. "I've felt sometimes that I ought to have stayed with her, but when you got me that position in Chicago, she wouldn't hear of my letting it slip. I think she was happy, knowing that we were all doing well."

"This little room haunted me for years after I went away," the eldest son observed. "Remember the potato stews mother'd have when we came from school, hungry as bears? How often I have wished that I could get back here and find things as they used to be evenings, when we were boys!"

"That's why none of us ever loafed on the street nights." John Pierce laughed. "Once I spent the night with Joe Cole, and I tell you I was mighty glad to get home. The Coles had everything nice,—they had ten times mother's means,—but it wasn't the same atmosphere I didn't wonder much that Joe liked to hang round stores and taverns."

"Joe went bad," the youngest brother said. "He never would work long in one place. He was down the river somewhere, got into a drunken brawl, and used a knife on a man. I don't believe the family have heard from him since."

Andrew Pierce looked up with a grave face. "Joe didn't have anything to look back to," he said, slowly, "and I did. Perhaps that's all the difference. When I went to New York I fell in with a fast set. I did some things that I knew mother wouldn't approve, but I told myself I'd drop it all as soon as I was fairly settled.

"One night a crisis came. The details don't matter, but I knew that I couldn't go any farther and be what I'd been before. I fought it out, and—mother stood by me. It wasn't anything in particular she'd said, but as Sam says, this littl eroom haunted me. I could hear her singing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' as she used to sing it on Sunday evenings. And I remembered how she'd come tiptoeing up-stairs into that cold little room after we'd gone to bed, to tuck in the clothes. If I was awake, I always listened for her dress to rustle when she knelt down by my bed."

The big voice broke. "I slipped out of the place; I didn't even wait for my overcoat and hat, and I ran all the way to my boardinghouse. If I couldn't have looked back then to mother, I might have ended as poor Joe did."

Good, absent-minded old Dr. Wilder was greatly dependent upon his practical wife One morning Mrs. Wilder sent up an announcement after he had entered the pulpit with a foot-note intended to be private. "The Women's Missionary Society," he read aloud," will meet Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock sharp. Your necktie is crooked; please straighten toward the right."

A young aide-de-camp at a great party approached Archbishop Whately and said, "Does your Grace know the difference between an ass and anarchbishop?" "No," was the grave answer. Then the youth went on, "An ass has a cross on his back, but an archbishop has a cross on his breast." "Very good," said the archbishop. "Now will you tell me what is the difference between a young aid-de-camp like yourself, and an ass?" "I don't know," said the youth "Neither do I," said the archbishop, and walked away—Cristian World.

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL. Editor.

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Thursday, April 10 1913

ROBERT M. PHILLIPS

The passing of Robert W. Phillips, Editor of the Greensboro News, in the prime of his manhood, is a great loss to friends, community, and church and State. It was a pleasure to have the friendship of his warm and loyal heart, and our Press Association will sadly miss his genial presence.

Who that ever heard in song, that rich voice of his, could ever forget his sweet tones, and who that ever gripped his genial hand, but felt a thrill of pleasure.

We will miss thee Bob Phillips and will ever cherish sweet memories of thy presence. The Methodist church of the State, will miss thy presence in her councils, for she could count on loyal service. The Press Association has lost one of the brightest examples we had, of a clean, bright pure Editor.

Our Press Association meets with yet another loss, in the death of Editor, J. G. Boylan, of the Wadesboro "Messenger, Intelligence," Mr, Boylan was one of the old members of the Press Association, and always took a lively interest in all subjects that came up for discussion in our meetings.

A good Editor, a genial friend a noble member of our craft, has passed from us; and we shall miss him as we gather in our summer session at Asheville. Truly no one can say who will be the next "to cross the great divide."

ANOTHER HONOR TO NORTH CAROLINA.

It seems that the old North State has her share of men who are good for the high places. Dr. Walter H. Page is the last find of President Wilson, and he has received an honor, that reflects honor on the state of his birth.

We do not know that Mr. Page has always valued his birthright as he should, but we are glad that he finds by actual experience, that his old sleepy state, is awake! and has produced talent worthy of an Embassador to the court of St James.

WILL PASTORS WHOSE CHURCHES ARE NOT VISITED HELP US.?

If we speedily get our $50,000 there will have to be work done in the churches where we cannot send a special agent. Bro, R. P. Smith, suggests that the pastors help us. Will not the pastors burthen their hearts with our appeal and help?

* * *

"The Presbyterians of North Carolina Synod are endeavoring to raise an endowment fund of $50,000.00 for the Barium Springs Orphanage. This is a most worthy cause and should get a liberal support from all our people. Rev. R. M. Williams of Greensdoro has been chosen as the special agent for this work and we heartily commend him and his cause. Time will not permit him to visit all the churches, therefore it is expected that the pastors and sessions will lend him a helping hand."

THE PASSING OF A MILLIONAIRE.

The death of J. Perpoint Morgan in Rome Italy, gives a shock to the financial world. A mighty power is by the angel of death passed over into other hands, and Morgan no longer donominates the financial world, in our greatest money centre.

Death is a great leveler, and soon. our mightiest men, have to lay down the emblem of power, and take their station in the silent halls that give back no echo.

There they remain until the final day when all shall give an account.

Many strive to be rich, and delight to "add field to field," but after all, the life that is most worth living, is the quiet peaceful life, that carries comfort to the poor suffering, mortals, that have but a morsel of this worlds wealth. The man that will be great in eternity, is, he who has been "rich toward God," and has blest his fellowman.

GETTING THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN A CORNER.

It looks as if the enlightened christian Common sense of the people is about to corral the liquor traffic and put it under control of law.

Our Legislatures has passed "the search and seizure act," which will if properly enforced, put the Blind Tiger out of business. Then the Webb law has been enacted, which enforced, should prevent the wholessle shipping of Liquor into dry territory. Since North Carolina went dry the Express Companies have been doing "a land office business" in bringing liquor into the State, although the consumption of liquor has been greatly curtailed in the State. Now what the laws on our statue books should do, is, to make it mighty hot, for lawless traders in whiskey. Catch them, and then put the law to them. The rising generations have now a chance to grow up without a taste for liquor: and it will not be many years, before our descendents will wonder, why their ancestors, ever tolerated a Barroom. The strange anomely of licensing the sale of liquor, and then punishing a man for a drunken crime, let us hope, is fas becoming a thing of the past.

Let us get the liquor traffic cornered and make our law officers enforce the law.

FIELD NOTES

There is something soothing and restful about the atmostphere of an old college town, and you find here characters that do not flourish in a city environment and would not be at home there. The campus of Davidson is a beautiful spot, and beneath its shady elms, there has been many a life, bargain made, and here, generations of young men and maidens have repeated over and over again, the old old story, ever new.

On last Thursday evening Our Editor took the train at Barium and with unsual punctually, it was late in reaching Davidson; So that the opening Orations of the Seniors were delivered before he reached within ear shot.

He heard McAllister Carson of Charlotte on a "call to arms," and H. D. Corbett of Mayesville S. C., on "Compulsory Education" both handled their subjects well.

One thing that pronounced the coming class as one with a variety and originality of thought, was the diversity of subjects discussed, and the thoughtful way in which each subject was treated. The range was from South Carolina and her Bleese to Turkey in Europe: from the Burthens and opportunities of Democracy, to "the suicide of the Constitution." From "Presbyterians and Progress," to "The New Freedom." From "Business in Government" to "Science and Civilization," From Alchol to "A plea for woman rights." The young gentleman who treated of alcohol" was very abroit in its handling and "straddled the rider," well.

The plea for woman's rights brought out a point that cannot be too stongly emphasised, and that is, that female teachers are often unjustly dealt with, in receiving less salary than men, for the same work. Women have rights that all men should respect and they should always get as much for their work as it is worth regardless of their sex. We were however not convinced by anything their advocate said that a woman should have the right of the ballot and do other things that the Divine mind never contemplated when he made her a woman.

The Graduating cl ss of 1913, is not only a large one, but we think a fair proportion of them, will be heard from, on the firing line, in the great struggle that awaits any well equipped young man.

The address on "the Suicide of the constitution," was delivered by W. S, Golden the star debater of the class, who won out in a recent intercollegiate contest.

The reception to the seniors given in the beautifully illuminated library building, was a most enjoyable occasion. Miss Cornelia Shaw assisted by Mrs. Martin and other ladies, received the guests, and refreshments were served by the young ladies of Davidson. It was a most enjoyably affair, and one of the social events that always produces a pleasant ripple in Davidson society.

Davidson is proverbially hospitable, and Our Editor had the pleasure of a social tea with Professor and Mrs Richmond Harding. We were taken after tea, into the parlor and there shown, such a display of silver and other beautiful things, that it could only mean, some one, was to be married and that soon. So next week, another of Davidson's lovely daughters is to be spirited away to Charlotte leaving doubtless some luckless swain disconsolate and thinking: "The might have been's, are in a majority in this world."

Long may old Davidson continue to flourish as a social and intellectual centre and send forth young men and maiebns to gladden other communities by their presence-

Wm. Laurie Hill.

THE SELLING OF A DOG

A very beautiful and pathetic story comes to us from the neighborhood of Cranston, where Oliver S. Johnson of Tipton was conducting a sale. A beautiful Scotch collie dog had been taking interest in the procedure of the sale and was himself put on the block for sale. Someone had bid $4. The dog looked up and saw its master weeping, kissed his hand and looked up at the auctioneer inquisitively.

Major Johnson laid his big hand on the dog's head and said pathetically: "Yes, Sheppy, we're parting with you, we regret to do this, but we're going to Colorado; we shall always kindly remember you. You were always faithful to us and when our last friend seemed have vanished you kissed our hand. There was never a stray pig who came on the premises that you did not point it out to us. If any of the horses took sick in the night you called us. When the children went into the pasture you guarded them. When we climbed into the buggy and drove off to Muscatine you bade us farewell. You were the only one that stood at the gate and sounded a glad welcome when we returned. You were always cheerful. You helped us to do the chores by day, and you guarded our home, our property and our safety by night. In sunshine and in storm you were always the same; you never murmured when we forgot to feed you. Always kind, faithful and true. We hope your new master will be as kind and considerate of you as we have been. If we are as faithful we shall gain a haven of immortal glory, but when you lie down for the last time is it possible you are nothing more than a dead dog?"

The way the auctioneer spoke seemed to bring tears to many eyes and the dog's master disappeared behind a corn-crib with a bandana in his hand.—International Auctioneer.

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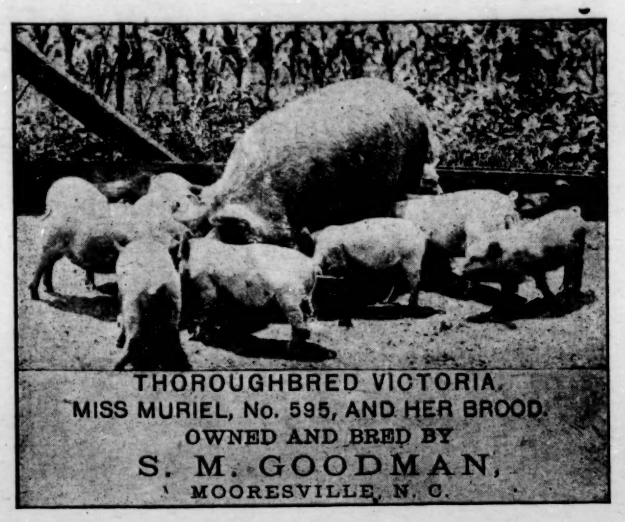

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Thursday, April 10, 1913

HOME HAPPENINGS

Spring is here, notwithstanding the cool nights. Our peaches and plums are abloom in all their beauty, and the apples are on the eve of blushing into flower. The maples are not far behind, and almost before we know it, all nature will display a riot of color.

We have been gardening some, and have planted peas, beans, potatoes, and cabbage. Our hot bed will have tomatoe plants and radishes in abundance, and it will not be long before "garden sass" will be coming in.

The roofing is being put on the New Barn, and it won't be long now, before our cows can move into their new home.

We have received a copy of the annual report of Our Department of Agriculture which is full of good things and shows how fast the farming interests of our state are coming to the fore.

The number of Institutes held has increased from 28 in 1898, to 502 in 1912. The women's Institutes show wonderful progress. The first 21 were held in 1906: in 1912, there were held 231.

You will find in this annual valuable discussions on soils, fertilizers, dranaige, and other matters that every farmer should read: send for it.

Miss Victoria Hudson, we regret to say is leaving her position as secretary at Barium, to accept a position as secretary of 1st Presbyteriau church Winston-Salem. Our prayers and best wishes go with her. We are glad Miss Hudson will be with us about two weeks longer before taking up her new work.

The finance committee of our home met at Greensboro on Thursday the 3rd of april. The time for which Rev. R. Murphy Williams had been engaged having expired, the committee determined to try and induce his church to allow him to continue his work in behalf of the equipment fund. Mr. A. M. Scales the chairman of the committee, was appointed to make said arrangements with the Church of the Covenant' It is earnestly hoped that Mr. Williams, may be continued in the effort. During the short time of three months, in which he has been engaged in the work, he has rendered most faithful and efficient services, and about one half of the $50.000 is now in sight. A large proportion of it having been paid in cash.

The financial statement made to the committee was indeed a most encouraging one. The committee is assured that they have secured the man for this work, and are gratified that he is willing to continue his services if his church will agree.

We had a delightful visit from Rev. J. G. Garth of Hickory and Rev. E. D Brown of Loray accompanied by our pastor Mr. Walsh, on last Monday.

These gentleman gave the children a rare concert. Their singing was fine, and the funny songs were certainly enjoyed especially the crow song although the peanut song was a favorite. Mr. Garth also taught them a new stunt, in making things out of old news paper with a pair of sci sors. It was interesting to see how quickly they caught on.

Our chorus class also participated in the concert, and gave several beautiful songs led by Miss Chamberlain, the accompaniments being played by Miss Paxton.

It was a most enjoyable evening that the children will not forget.

Miss Hattie McKeown of Stanley N. C. is assisting Miss Hudson and Mr. Walker, in the heavy clerical work in the office at this time.

We had a beautiful prayer service in the dining room on Tuesday morning held by Mr. Garth. His text was from Proverbs 3 1. My son forget not my law: but let thine heart keep my commandments:" and he had some effective illustrations, of Mt. Sinai, the clean heart, the sin stained heart, the Rock Christ, sustaining the cleansed heart.

We had three visiting preachers with us at this prayer-meeting, and as we used our new Assembly Song books, we had some fine singing.

Mrs. Vic Templeton Miss May Morrison and Miss Emma Lewis were most welcome visitors to our Home on last Monday.

Miss Lena Wood of Charlotte paid her sister Miss Verner Wood a short visit remaining over last Sunday.

On last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Flowers Miss Nona Brawley, and Miss Belle McNeeley paid our home a visit, making the run from Mooresville in their Auto. We gave them glad welcome.

Rev. J. G. Garth has been assiting brother Walsh in a protracted meeting at Front Street church Statesville, and there have been fine results, in a spiritual uplift of the people, and there were several addition to the church.

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.

The sawmill stood in the heavy pine timber on the shoulder of a mountain. To the west and south and the land rolled away to a level plain, and to the east and north it rose to the towering peak of the mountain. After the day's task of dragging the great yellow pine logs on a creaking truck to the mill, the cattle were released from their yokes and permitted to forage where they pleased. sometimes they wandered several miles in their search for food.

At half past four one autumn morning the nickel alarm-clock, hung from a nail on the bunkhouse wall, set up an insistent clamor. Dave Shook, the lanky Kentuckian who drove the ox team, crept out of his berth, and lighted a large stable lantern. Then he roused Tom Hinkey, his "swamper."

"Roll out, kid," he said, laconically.

Tom awoke, slipped out of his berth, and stood shivering by the fire.

"Kinder snappy this mornin', kid, but hustle into your duds; we got to git the cattle in. You go up twards the mountain and I'll go the othes way."

"Guess I'll take my rifle a-long," Tom said, as he pulled on his logging boots. "I might get a shot at a deer."

The older man smiled. "Might do for change, but every-day loggin' grub, bacon and beans is hard to beat."

The two separated in front of the cook-house. Shook turned toward the valley and was soon lost in the fog, while Tom struck into the trail leading up to the mountain.

Tom, as he walked rapidly up the open pine ridge, watched through the gloom for a feeding deer, and listened for a sound of the bell that one of the oxen wore. The fog lifted and disclosed the snow-covered mountin-top, sharp and clear in the dim morning light. He was near the summit of the ridge, where the open pines gave place to a denser growth of fir and hemlock. He heard the sound of a distant bell; it came from across the canon.

"That old paddy ox has led the cattle as close to the mountain as he could get!" Tom muttered. "There's nothing for it but to go across and get them."

It was no light task. A dense growth of small fir and larch covered the canon. Tom plunged into the thicket and fought his way to the bottom. Then he walked down the dry creek-bed, looking for a favorable place at which to begin his ascent of the opposite side.

After a few rods, he came to an immense uprooted cedar, The spring freshets had washed debris from above and lodged it against the upper side of the loge Tom laid his rifle across the log,. which lay higher than his head, caught his hands and feet into the ruogh bark, and pulled himself up. As his head rose above the top of the log, he looked full into the yellow eyes of a large mountain lion that was crouched on the opposite side of the tree trunk.

The flat head was so near the boy's face that he felt the animals hot breath as he bared his teeth in an angry snarl, The lion struck out viciously with his paw, grazed Tom's cap, struck his hand a a glancing blow, and tore the flesh. The boy's mind worked with lightining speed; the lion was preparing for another blow, which, should it land fair would crush his head.

Tom seized his rifle with his uninjured hand, clung to the log with the other, and without lifting the weapon from the log, pushed the muzzle against the lion's breast and pulled the trigger. Tnere was a muffled report, a roar of pain and rage, and the animal crash backward off the log to the rocks below. The recoil of the gun knocked the boy backward, and he fell among the driftwood, where he lay for an instant, stunned. Then he sprang to his feet and seized his rifle. Escape was impossible: he must stand his ground; then all was still. He climbed cautiously up the log and looked over The lion lay where he had fallen, dead.

LINKS STATES TOGETHER.

Study the map and see where your home lies with relation to the highways. If it is on a Main, Trunk or Link Line, you will probably like the system. But if you live somewhere that this system does not touch, don't condemn the system. Remember that it is designed to connect the States with each other. It is intended to touch every large city, every State Capital, and to bring closer together the several parts of the country. The roads are as straight as the contour of the country will permit, without an impossible expenditure of money to tunnel mountains or bridge lakes and rivers. Remember, too, that your locality would be connected with such a system by a local road in a very short time.

Notice that there are three classes of highways, Main, Trunk and Link. The Main Higbways are six in number, Northern, Central, Southern, Atlantic, Mississippi, and Pacific. These form the starting point and the basis of the system, Next come thirteen great Trunk lines, feeding and crossing the Main Highways, and connecting the various sections of the country in more intimate relations. Finally come forty Link Highway—smaller National Highways—making a gridiron of the whole system.

BUILDING THE SYSTEM

To build such a system complete will take a man's lifetime and a huge amount of money. If the wealth of the world were ready to build this system to-morrow it would still take many years, because there are available neither engineers nor knowledge enough to do it quickly.

When this, or a similar system of National Highways is built—and built it surely will be some day—it will be by a National Highways Commission, which first locates and then builds, one or more roads at a time, learning as it builds. When this huge amount of money is spent—as spent it is bound to be it will be gradually and through an annual appropriotion.

If New York State can afford fiive millions a year for road building, is it unreasonable to suppose the United States Government can afford ten times as much—or fifty millions a year?

Think it over. Look at the map. Study it and see how it will affect you and your home. If you have any suggestions to make, or criticism to offer, the NATIONAL HIGHWAYS Association would like to hear them.

The system as outlinkd is only a beginning—a suggestion. But if it appears as a beautifgl dream, it is at least a practicable, engineer's dream, and a dream which—like that of de Lesseps and the canal—is bound to come true some time. The NATIONAL HIGHWAYS Association believes that the time when the dream begins to come true is close at hand. It is a dream which vittally affects every man, woman and child in the country—a dream which, when it does come true in its entirety, will be found of more importance to our progress as a Nation, to our wealth, to our social and political life and to our other dream of absoindependence, than any one movement we, as a Nation, have ever made.

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A MODERN MIRACLE

Continued from page one.

who became my shadow, following me wherever I went, and gazing on me with silent and intent, sorrowful gaze.

He was very much in appearance what I might be at eighty years of age, and he bore the visible marks of a wasted life. In anger I bade him leave me, but with a sad smile he said, "I cannot leave thee, for I am thy future self. As I am, so will you be, unless you become a new man."

It was just here I was aroused by the tinkle of your dinner bell, but that dream will ever be with me." "It means only good to you now that you have seen the "old Caleb" all marred by sin: commence to build a "new Caleb" redeemed by grace." said Agnes.

"Will you and Josh help me, Agnes?" "Indeed we will, but you are promised better help than ours, for one that is mighty says, "I will take away the stony heart, and give a heart of flesh," "a new heart will I give thee."

"Agnes I never knew before, how to appropriate to myself, these beautiful promises of God, and I desire from this good hour "to begin building (by his grace) a new Caleb Chandler, then I shall dread the old man of my dream no more."

Dinner over, Joshua concluded that he might reach "the Mill" in time for the afternoon sermon, so leaving Agnes to entertain Caleb, he saddled Blue-Dick, and was not long in compassing, the distance between "Swallow Barn" and the church.

From the cool dining room Agnes led the way into the cozy parlor on the shady side of the house, and pointing to an old fashioned sofa, said, "you promised to obey me, Caleb, at least until you are well, and strong, so just recline there until I tell you you may get up, and we can talk until you get sleepy."

"Why Agnes that is easy, only I shall not get sleepy ,for I have a great deal to say to you." "I want to begin by telling you what a poor, wandering, sinning creature I have been, and I hope and believe that I have at least reached a cricis, and the turning point: it came on last Saturday. Joshua overtook me going to town, and begged me to remain sober."

"Oh how faithful he was! as he plead with me to come out with him to Swallow Barn on Saturday night. Had I listened to him, I should have been saved much humilation, and this disgraceful bruise, but I refused wise advice, and am to-day suffering the consequences of wilful sin, I have sown some seed I would gladly destroy, and have come up against a great proposition: what is Caleb Chandler going to do, in the future?"

"One thing you will do, Caleb, it is time you had done so long ago, and that is. give your heart and life to him who has redeemed you: then, say to the Master, "What wilt thou have me to do?"

"Must I just bring my unworthy self, all marred by sin? and will a pure God accept such a creature? Oh, it does not seem possible Agnes!"

"Do you think you are any worse than Peter? remember, he denied his Lord, in the hour of his sorest need. Granting that you have been a very shabby fellow Caleb, (which I am unwilling altogether to believe) it is just the chief of sinners, that can claim the atoning work. Paul (the man who afterwards, "turned the world upside down) said, he was "the chief of sinners." "And that be so, Agnes, I claim to be nothing but a poor weak sinner-

And if redemption is for me, even me, I do want it, and I will gladly accept it, here and now. I just take him at his word, and he must help me to hold out." "Now you are doing the right thing Caleb; as to holding out, you are expected to "trust and obey." and nothing is expected of you, that God will not give you the strength to do, if you ask him."

"It is all very beautiful Agnes I never understood before, what a perfect and simple plan has been provided, to save sinful man. I have been so blind and so rebellious, even so triffling, Now God may demand of me what he will, and I shall endeavor to obey, and may you have all the joy that Earth and Heaven can bring you. for leading me into the light."

"Caleb, I have been praying for this, ever since I found out by precious experience how sweet it was to be our Heavenly Father's child: and "you have made me very happy, but I must leave you now for a little while, as I have some domestic duties that claim me: you should take another nap, and can rest sweetly, for you have a newly found joy."

And the dear girl left Caleb alone, and his rest was indeed sweet,, and his dream was pleasant, for it was of Agnes.

Continued in next issue.

THE DUTY AND THE CHANCE

Bob was weeding the garden beds. Jack came along and watched him over the fence for a while. Then spoke. "Come, go fishin' with me Bob," he said.

"There are lots of fish in the pond. We can get a big string before noon."

"Can't," said Bob "Have to weed this whole garden before noon. Father's going to give me a quarter for it.

"What's a quarter? We can get a lot of fish and sell them down at the hotel for a good many quarters," scoffed Jack. temptingly,

Bob paused in his work and considered the question. Then he returned to his task with decision. "Guess I'll stick to the weeding," he announced. "I'm sure of the quarter if I finish this job. You're not sure we will get any fish or sell them if we do."

"Oh, come try it. anyway. You can finish the weeding to-morrow,," coaxed Jack.

"Can't do it. Father said to do the weeding this morning, and he meant it. Think I'll stick to the sure thing and try the fish another day," answered Bob.

"Good for you, Bob," said Uncle Will, who had heard the whole thing. "Don't neglect the twenty-five-cent duty for the dollar chance, this time or any time. It doesn't pay."

And, of course, it doesn't, when you come to think it over. The little everyday duties, if they are faithfully performed, pay better in money, in strength, and in training in faithfulness. The great chances that are held up before our dazzled eyes too often depend upon possible fish to be caught, and possible sales that may never materialize. And when we neglect the real duty for the possible chance, we are training for unfaithfulsess, for aimless, half-hearted effort, and for every probable failure. Th well-performed duty, even though it may be a twenty-five-cent one, pays best in the long run of life.—The King's Own.

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